

The Messenger.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1897.

A GREAT QUESTION FOR THE PEOPLE TO DECIDE.

In 1896 the per capita expenditures of population by the United States government was \$4.15; in 1895 it was \$5.11. Increasing as population increases, thus reversing the true rule—to diminish with growth of population. Ex-Secretary Morton justly condemns the "omnibus bill" scheme of appropriations as vicious and extravagant. He says:

"Under this masquerading legislation the congress of the United States has deftly despoiled the national treasury during the last twenty years of \$510,988,245; and during the period from 1878 to 1887 this omnibus has cost of the public treasury more than \$28,900,000. And all that almost incomprehensible and bewildering number of dollars had first been collected from the people."

The salaries of the government are too high and there are too many officials by probably 50,000. Offices and places have been created in order to give hungry retainers pab and to bleed the long-suffering people. As we wrote a few days ago we here repeat, taxation is an imperative but necessary curse. It is the price the citizen must pay for government to afford to him protection in life, liberty and property. When government fails at either point it is defective, an abortion. Government must be carried on just as economically, honestly, justly as it is possible to be done. Every dollar levied as a tax is to that extent a deprivation of it takes from the citizen that sum forever. It is a very bad, a very unjust, a very oppressive government that takes a dollar or five dollars, or one hundred dollars, or one thousand dollars from a citizen in taxes when one-half, one-fourth, or even one-tenth would have answered to meet the ends of equitable, honest, economical government. What must be thought of a government calling itself a republican-democratic government—a government of the people and by the people and for the people, that with marked purpose, deliberation, calculation sets to work to levy a huge tax upon the people at large for the benefit of a few or of a class? It has all the pretense of a republic without its reality. It is a counterfeit, wearing the garments of autocratic oppression, and seeking to outrage in their pockets the burden bearers and the great mass of bread-winners and toilers. Such is a high protective tariff, the pet, the darling of the republican party. We would positively vote as soon for a fellow who espoused the old Rob Roy doctrine of seizure openly on the stump as we would for one of your velvet-mouthed fellows who rolls out his plausible platitudes about the blessings and wisdom of protection as a system of taxation—oppressing the millions for the benefit of the few.

Mr. Morton says that the government was born "penniless and a pauper" and that it only handles tax-raised money, and adds:

"And it has no constitutional or other right to levy taxes, except for the purpose of getting money into its treasury with which to pay the public debt, to provide for the common defence, and to promote the general welfare. All other taxes, some of them falsely called 'protective,' ought to be speedily and utterly abolished. The gigantic sums smuggled out of the treasury, disguised as necessary for sundry civil expenses, are increasing from year to year. This is shown by the fact that during the years from 1888 to 1897 there was taken by this method \$284,602,604. This startling sum is an increase of more than fifty-eight millions of dollars over the amount appropriated by the same system of false pretence in legislation in the preceding decade. Thus ten years developed an increase of 25 per cent. in appropriations for 'sundry civil expenses.'"

It is by tax-payers understanding more clearly and intelligently their form of government, and by watching the operations in the congress, with the constantly increasing burdens of taxation—that endless draught upon their pockets—that they can appreciate the sacrifices made by themselves and the great, unbroken trend on the part of their public "bosses"—once called public "servants"—to usurpation of power, to reckless extravagance in the expenditure of the money of the once "sovereign" people. There is in every department and in all possible ways of expenditure a growing extravagance. If not stopped it will bankrupt the people. The many classes of expenditures, the many ways of disposing of the public moneys, the predatory ways of the politicians and plunderers of the people are all so many sources of ruin, of oppression, of robbery. The ordinary member of congress (either house) will not hesitate a minute to vote aye for any expenditure, whether for an expedition, digging a foreign canal, building a fine house, improving an impassable creek, or educating Sambo. Two days ago one of these sort of despoilers introduced a bill to appropriate a great sum—\$750,000—to have this country represented in Paris at the next exposition. Mr. Morton asks and sensible

people who think and feel will be interested: "Where will promotion, establishment, and maintenance of exhibitions and expositions by the government cease? Where is the line to be drawn? What rights to run shows at the federal expense inhere at Philadelphia, New Orleans, Chicago, Atlanta, Nashville, or Omaha, that do not belong equally to Pittsburg, New York, Chicago, Atlantic City, Louisville, Kalamazoo, Oshkosh, Niagara Falls, or any other American town?"

The first thing a schemer thinks of is—"Let us get an appropriation." From whom? Of course from the millions of workers and tax bearers who are not in the least interested in his nice little plundering plan. The evils are growing. So far as we read the public prints they are not doing their duty in this matter of growth of expenditures and waste of the people's money. When anything like a plausible project is introduced the newspapers will give it a warm "send off" without hesitation, and possibly, many will do so without reflection or weighing consequences. The ex-secretary says, and it is wholesome and needed:

"But it is unnecessary to elaborate or enumerate the evils of the government show business. It is only one of many modern methods of buncing our common Uncle Sam out of the taxes which he has harvested from his full and applauding field of nephews. The government really holds that it is an agency and general show business can only be destroyed by sending men to the national legislature for the purpose of doing something for the people, instead of trying to get everything possible out of and away from the people."

This government show business has cost nearly \$8,000,000. The time was once when an expenditure of this magnitude meant much, but now it is looked upon in these wild, extravagant days as a mere bagatelle. The government is no longer just, equal, economical. It is much that is antipodal to all this. It oppresses, robs, wastes. Recklessness and not statesmanship directs, dominates, shapes. One more extract from the ex-secretary:

"Formerly the youth of the United States came to adult age inspired with the patriotic idea that every American citizen should support the government in war, in peace, and always. But to-day multitudes really hold that it is the duty of the government to support its citizens—in office, with contracts, or by special legislation."

Look at some figures furnished by the United States government. In 1870 the public expenditures amounted to less than \$300,000,000 for that year. A great sum indeed. It was nearly five times more than President Buchanan required but ten years before. But after that there was annual decrease until in 1886, the total was but \$242,453,735.50. That was sixteen years later. That showed what was mentioned at the start—that with the growth of the population the per capita tax should lessen. It will always do this where there is honesty, capacity, a desire to do right. But now what a leap. For several years the congress has so voted away the people's money taken from them by taxation that each year more than a half billion—more than \$500,000,000 are needed to make buckle and tongue meet. Mr. Morton is right—it is either "retrenchment—or ruin." The people must decide. What shall it be?

An Expensive Legislative Blunder.

(Special to The Messenger.)
Raleigh, N. C., April 20.—Owing to a hitch about the new law, convicts in Mecklenburg are not sentenced to the roads, but to the penitentiary. Twelve arrived today, and it cost the state \$135 for expenses.

The directors of the penitentiary meet tomorrow. They have divided nearly all the "pie."

Truckers Anxious About the Weather.

(Special to The Messenger.)
Raleigh, N. C., April 20.—Weather Observer Von Hermann has received scores of telegrams regarding frost. One man said he had eight acres in strawberries, and asked what he should do. The temperature this morning was 25 below zero, and frost. It is now turning colder rapidly.

Bitten by a Spider
Blood Poisoned and Body Covered by Sores

Other Remedies Failed but Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

Whatever the nature of the poison or humor in the blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla, as the one true blood purifier, effects a cure. Read this letter:

"Eight years ago my little adopted daughter, then two years old, was bitten on the back by a spider. We felt almost sure she would die. She suffered terrible agony, and we doctored her by every means we could think of without a cure. She was covered with sores from head to foot. Then her ears discharged, and blindness was the next thing. We were not able to continue paying doctor's bills. One day a lady asked me why I did not try Hood's Sarsaparilla. She said,

When you buy a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla you may rely upon a cure.

We acted upon this suggestion, and began giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla. The little girl is now cured and she is getting plump, sleeps well and has a good appetite, and she can see to put Hood's Sarsaparilla together and even thread a fine needle. A great many people and a number of physicians know about this case and they know that our little girl is like another child. She is now taking her tenth bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. MATTIE V. STEINER, 716 Milton Av., San Diego, Cal.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Best—The One True Blood Purifier. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills
easy to take, easy to buy, easy to operate. 25c.

DISEASES AMONG THE NEGROES

Not long ago The Messenger called attention to the reports of southern superintendents of negro hospitals and asylums relative to the increase of consumption and insanity among the colored race. This increase is attracting the attention of physicians in the north, and even in England it is being considered. The great London Lancet has one or more articles on the subject. A correspondent writes concerning the condition of the negroes in slavery and now. He says, and it is precisely in accord with the opinions of the managers of hospitals in the south previously given by The Messenger, that when slaves there was very little tuberculosis or insanity in America among the negroes of the southern states. After emancipation they appeared to quickly lose this immunity, and at the present time are exceedingly susceptible to both. Formerly, although in a state of slavery, they are said to have been well cared for, compelled to lead orderly, regular lives, and kept from dissipation and excess. Freedom removed these restraints, and they quickly plunged into riotous and vicious habits. The Philadelphia Scientific American has also copied what has been said. One writer says:

"They have developed a highly insane, consumptive, syphilitic, and alcoholic constitution which predisposes them to diseases they were formerly free from. In this disturbed and unstable condition they seem to be totally unable to resist the slightest excitement. Recent returns show that the death rate of the colored people from tuberculosis is three times that of the whites."

The preachers and doctors among the colored people have here a proper field of investigation. The health of their race for the present and future generations is seriously involved. No man with proper sensibilities of any race will contemplate such facts without profound regret.

Since preparing this we find the deaths of the two races in Augusta, Ga. The population is divided—28,000 whites, 18,000 blacks. There were 32 deaths among the whites from consumption in 1896, and 64 deaths among the negroes from the same disease. Dr. Eugene Foster, president of the board of health, in giving these figures, says that before emancipation the colored race was almost wholly free from consumption, a negro with consumption prior to the close of the war being a clinical curiosity.

SNAPS.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, has recently passed his 87th birthday. He is another Gladstone in physical health longevity and mental preservation. He is highly esteemed by the senators.

We do not know what will happen politically in A. D. 1900, but Bryan continues to draw well. He is enthusiastically received everywhere. Some of the Kentucky legislators chartered a car and went from Frankfort to hear him speak in Louisville a few nights since.

At Findlay, Ohio, on 17th, the famous Blakesley family, living three miles from that city, were robbed and tortured at 3 o'clock in the morning by twelve masked robbers. The family consists of Mrs. Rebecca Blakesley, Eliza Blakesley, a daughter, and John and Smith Blakesley, sons. Crime everywhere and growing.

There is a joke on Butcher Weyler. He is a great blower and braggadochio. He sent a message to Spain that the Juraco-Moron trocha was impregnable. That same day General Banderas, of the Cuban army, led a column of 2,000 men safely across it, after destroying two forts and battering the defenses down. Bombastes Furioso to the front.

The Washington Post has a good, expressive cartoon. The "unspeakable Turk," a giant is out with a huge scimitar, and a shield on it written "The Powers." In front is a little Greek (a lad), with sling, a la David. Behind the Turk in line, all around, stands John Bull, Russia, France, Germany and two others at arms post backing the "Goliath" against the little David.

Bimetallism at present appears to be on the wane in Europe and England. If not, there is but little promise of an international convention. This country will wait a long time for it if it is to come by consent or movement of the foreign powers. The last democratic convention favored independent action. The republicans favored action by international agreement.

At Somersworth, N. H., robbers entered the Great Falls bank and killed the cashier, Joseph H. Stickney. They got \$6,000. The robbers, after knocking Stickney down with a blackjack, cut his throat. One hundred thousand dollars in United States bonds, which were kept in one of the drawers of the big vault and which the robbers evidently examined hastily, were not taken.

Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 19, 1896. Ely Bros., Dear Sirs:—Please accept my thanks for your favor in the gift of a bottle of Cream Balm. Let me say I have used it for years and can thoroughly recommend it for what it claims, if directions are followed.

Yours truly,
(Rev.) W. H. THAWAY.
No clergyman should be without it. Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10c. We mail it.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

A BLESSED MISTAKE.

MARY MAGDALENE BY THE RIFLE SARCOPHAGUS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Pictures the Working Day Christ in Common Apparel—The Scars of Earth—Glorious Thoughts Inspired by the Resurrection of Christ.

This sermon of Dr. Talmage will set its readers to thinking on new lines and will make this season of Easter more inspiring than ever. The text is John xx. 15. She, supposing him to be the gardener.

Here are Mary Magdalene and Christ just after his resurrection. For 4,000 years Mary Magdalene has been the most pitiful of people and dragging them into his cold palace. He had a passion for human skulls. For centuries he had been unhindered in his work. He had made down kings and queens and conquerors and those without fame. In that cold palace, he had made of skulls, pillars of skulls, and altars of skulls, and even the chalice at the table were made of beached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel he had added the skeleton of Adam. No one had disputed his right until one Good Friday, about 1,875 years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a mighty stranger came to the door of that awful palace, rolled back the door and went in, and seizing the tyrant, threw him to the pavement and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

Then the mighty stranger, exploring all the ghastly furniture of the place and the dark corners, he found the train of the dark cellars of mystery and tarrying under a roof of ribs of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two minutes the mighty stranger, the day and the day very dismal, he seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace and rampant standing on the other wall, and then laying hold of the ponderous door, hoisted it from its hinges and marched forth, crying, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." And then, Easter morn. Handel and Beethoven's miracles of sound added to this floral decoration which has set the place ablaze.

SCENE AT THE TOMB.

There are three or four things which the world and the church have not considered in regard to the resurrection of Christ. First, our Lord in gardeners' attire. Mary Magdalene, a woman of the world, the rifled sarcophagus of Christ and turned around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrificial resurrectionist who has been in the garden, and she finds nothing. One in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers or uproot the weeds from the garden or set to reclaiming the fallen. Some of the gardeners, who were his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and the dirt of the occupation.

Mary Magdalene, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when, lo! the stranger, who had been in the garden, turned into one word which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, "Mary?" In that peculiarity of the all-inclusive fall off, she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia Minor she was talking with him who owns all the hangings of heaven. Christed by the clusters of forget-me-nots, the sunflower, the chief of all, the morning glory and midnight aurora, the flowering terraces of beauty, the flowers of summer and the coronation roses and glants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalene!

She supposing him to be the gardener. What does that mean? It means that we have an everyday Christ for everyday work in everyday apparel. Not on Sabbath morning in our most seemingly apparel are we more attractive to Christ than we are in our everyday work dress, managing our merchandise, smiting our anvil, plowing our field, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families or toiling with weary pen and pencil, or with hammer and chisel. A working day Christ in working day apparel, for us in our everyday toil. Put it into the hymns of this Easter anthem, "Supposing him to be the gardener." If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon his head, that would have seemed to suggest a monarchy; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold and with robe diamonded, that would have seemed to be a special symbol of royalty; if Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at his side, that would have seemed to imply special sympathy for warriors. But Christ, who is the gardener, has appeared with perhaps the flakes of the earth and of the upturned soil upon his garments. He is the gardener, the gardener of the world, the gardener of the human race, the gardener of the human soul, the gardener of the human heart, the gardener of the human mind, the gardener of the human will, the gardener of the human power, the gardener of the human love, the gardener of the human hope, the gardener of the human faith, the gardener of the human charity, the gardener of the human wisdom, the gardener of the human knowledge, the gardener of the human power, the gardener of the human love, the gardener of the human hope, the gardener of the human faith, the gardener of the human charity, the gardener of the human wisdom, the gardener of the human knowledge.

IN WORKING CLOTHES.

Roll down in comfort all through these aisles. A working day Christ in working day apparel. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor laborer, the farmer, the miner, the unventilated establishment at Lowell or Lancaster. Tell it to the clearer of rough new ground in western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch on the side for every stitch in the garment, some of their cruel employers having no right to think that they were getting through the door of heaven any more than they could through the eye of a broken needle which has just dropped on the bare floor of the potteries, until he could make for the Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture! That was what helped James Watt, scooped at and hated by the world, to get his steam engine. That was what helped the thunderbolt of power which roars by day and night in every furnace of the locomotive engine of America, to get its power. That was what helped the quarries of Cromarty, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography, to get the footstep of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, the world wants a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the factory, a Christ for the banking house, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory! Oh, of course we want to see Christ in his royal robe of bediamonded and celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from the Easter of 1897, to our last Easter on earth, we must see Christ in his working clothes. Mary Magdalene saw him at the daybreak, "supposing him to be the gardener."

Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedgwood, toiling amid the heat and the dust of the potteries, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture! That was what helped James Watt, scooped at and hated by the world, to get his steam engine. That was what helped the thunderbolt of power which roars by day and night in every furnace of the locomotive engine of America, to get its power. That was what helped the quarries of Cromarty, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography, to get the footstep of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, the world wants a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the factory, a Christ for the banking house, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory! Oh, of course we want to see Christ in his royal robe of bediamonded and celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from the Easter of 1897, to our last Easter on earth, we must see Christ in his working clothes. Mary Magdalene saw him at the daybreak, "supposing him to be the gardener."

HOPE FOR GREAT SINNERS.

Another thing which the church and the world have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ is that he made his first post mortem appearance to one who had been the most devoted of Mary Magdalene. One would have supposed he would have made his first post mortem appearance to a woman who had always been a devotee of his. There are said to be many women who have always been saintly, saintly in girlishhood, saintly in infancy, always saintly. In nearly all our families there have been women who were saintly. While you are not to confound her with the repentant courtesan who had made her long locks do the work of towel at the resurrection of Christ is that he made his first post mortem appearance to one who had been the most devoted of Mary Magdalene. One would have supposed he would have made his first post mortem appearance to a woman who had always been a devotee of his. 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